

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HALYCON DAYS.

WEEKS went by, and the sweet summer weather visited the earth, bringing bloom to tree and flower, and yet Bertha Eswald lingered with those she loved. They were very happy days, those last ones spent with that angelic spirit. The sting of death had been taken away, and though they, who watched over her with an all-absorbing tenderness, knew that days of loneliness and bitter mourning were in store for them, yet they were willing to give themselves up to the enjoyment of the present, and sought not to penetrate the future. There was a beguiling serenity in every word and smile